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BROWNING AND TURGENIEF

PHILIP STAFFORD MOXOM

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TWO MASTERS

BROWNING AND TURGENIEF

BY

PHILIP STAFFORD MOXOM

Author of "The Aim of Life," "From Jerusalem to Nicaea," "The Religion of Hope," etc.

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TO MY FRIEND

EDWIN HENRY KEEN, Esq., J. P.

OF LONDON

POET AND GENTLEMAN

AND

TO THE MEMBERS OF

THE BROWNING CLASS OF SPRINGFIELD

WITH WHOM I HAVE SPENT MANY HAPPY HOURS

PREFACE

Of the two papers which make up this little volume the first was written to commemorate the centennial of Robert Browning's birth. It is the result, not so much of minute and critical study of the poet's work in detail, as of long and intimate communion with the poet's mind and heart as these are expressed in his verse. Yet the exercise of the critical faculty has not been neglected, as I trust the following pages will show. My endeavor has been to give as complete a survey as my limited space would allow of Browning's literary career and achievement. It is my modest hope that this paper will be an inspiration and help to those who as yet are unacquainted, except in a very superficial way, with Browning's poems. It may also aid in correcting those grotesque misapprehensions of his work which have hindered many from entering into possession of the riches of color, thought, emotion, hope and dauntless faith which the poet offers to readers who take him on his own terms.

The second paper is the result mainly of much reading of Turgenief's writings and to a less extent of the writings of others about him. My aim has been to tell the story of Turgenief's life with sufficient fulness to give the reader a sense of acquaintance with the man, and then to characterize his work in such a way as to incite readers to know at first hand, or at least through translations, the writings of the greatest artist in words of the nineteenth century. The biographical part of this paper appeared in the September number of *The North American Review*, to the publishers of which I offer my thanks for their courtesy.

Springfield, Massachusetts. P. S. M.

ROBERT BROWNING

1812-1912

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ROBERT BROWNING

1812-1912

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One hundred years ago a life began in Camberwell, London, which was destined to influence through verse the thought of a portion of mankind more powerfully, more profoundly, than any other English poet save Shakespeare. That portion of mankind, so small at first as to be scarcely discernible, has increased until now it includes a multitude in all English speaking lands and a considerable number in other lands, especially France, Germany and Italy.

A poet by birth and by self-determination, he made his first venture in 1833 in "Pauline," published anonymously, and spoke his last word in the Epilogue to "Asolando" in 1889, his period of productivity reaching the astonishing length of fifty-six years.

This is neither the time nor the place to tell the story of Browning's life; that has been

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done by Mrs. Sutherland Orr, Edward Dowden, William Sharp, G. K. Chesterton and finally by W. Hall Griffin. The last of these works seems to render further biography needless, giving as it does the clearest presentation of the man and the fullest account of his external life. That life was not one of striking external incident. Browning did not mingle with men and affairs in the fields of political or social struggle. The chief event of his life having any large public interest was his courtship of Elizabeth Barrett and their secret marriage—a marriage that was singularly happy—in which were joined two souls ideally fitted to each other. Not that Browning's life lacks interest for the average intelligent reader as well as the student of his poetry; the details of his parentage, birth, early education, travels, domestic and social experiences, friendships, correspondence and poetic achievements form a story full of quiet and continuous charm.

Many books have been written about his poems from the different points of view of interpretation, sympathetic appreciation and criticism, but no final judgment has as yet been spoken which definitely determines the full

scope and significance of Browning's message, the various values of his poetic form and his permanent place among the creators of English verse. It is still too early to do that, though nearly four score years have passed since he began his poetic work and twenty-three years since his last note sounded strongly forth in the Epilogue to "Asolando." Probably the nearest approach to such a judgment, thus far, is to be found in Stopford Brooke's interesting book, "The Poetry of Robert Browning," though his consideration of his subject so largely from the view-point of an enthusiastic admirer of Tennyson and his frequent notes of comparison mar the work. The reader grows a bit impatient at times and is moved to exclaim: "Leave the great contemporary poet for the present, and give us your dispassionate judgment on this poet," a thing which, on the whole, Brooke does not clearly do. Nevertheless the tribute to Browning in the last two pages of his book is so discerning, so noble and so evidently sincere that it comes near to being at once the finest and most just word spoken hitherto on Robert Browning.

Scarcely second to Brooke, for insight and value of literary estimate, must be placed Edward Dowden, whose Life of Browning in the "Temple Biographies" is marked by lucid exposition and generous appreciation as well as acute criticism.

Within the field which he particularly cultivates, Henry Jones, in his "Browning as a Philosophical and Religious Teacher," has spoken the weightiest word thus far on the chief content of Browning's poetic message.

No man ever began a poetic career with a stronger self-reliance and a more independent spirit than Browning. He knew the conventional canons of versification and was familiar with every form from the lyric to the epic, but he would not be wholly bound by them; that is, in his hands they became plastic and he molded them to his will. It was and still is his chief offense in the eyes of the critics that he took liberties, that he created a style for the fit expression of his thought and imagination. A certain strangeness of form repelled would-be readers; they did not readily understand him, nor apparently make any serious effort to understand him, and as a result for many years

he was read by only the few. "Pauline," his first published poem, was recognized as a work of genius by several persons among whom were men so different from each other as John Stuart Mill and Dante Gabriel Rossetti. It was not till late in life that Browning allowed it to be included in his collected works, yet in this fragmentary poem by a youth of twenty-one were such lines as these:

Thou wilt remember one warm morn when winter
Crept aged from the earth, and spring's first breath
Blew soft from the moist hills; the blackthorn
    boughs,
So dark in the bare wood, when glistening
In the sunshine were white with coming buds,
Like the bright side of a sorrow, and the banks
Had violets opening from sleep like eyes;

or these:

Yet, I say, never morn broke clear as those
On the dim clustered isles in the blue sea,
The deep groves and white temples and wet caves:
And nothing ever will surprise me now—
Who stood beside the naked Swift-footed,
Who bound my forehead with Proserpine's hair.

Browning's is perhaps the most masterful

mind in the long line of English poets from Chaucer down, yet that he was not indifferent to criticism nor unaffected by it is proved by the fact that, when "Paracelsus" was pronounced verbose by some one, he wrote "Sordello" with such merciless condensation that it was at once condemned, rejected and made the butt of jesting remark and story. In present editions of his works all three hold their proper place and no one could be omitted without very considerable loss.

It has been said that Carlyle, before he was forty, "laid the foundations of his world of thought in 'Sartor Resartus' and never enlarged them." Browning "laid the foundations of his world of thought" at a still earlier age. In "Pauline," "Paracelsus" and "Sordello" may be found the main principles of his theory of life from which he never departed. "Paracelsus," published in 1835, if not immediately popular at least gave the author distinct standing as a poet and as a force to be reckoned with in the field of literature. It had little notice in the press. By the *Athenæum* it was dismissed with two or three "half contemptuous" lines. The *Examiner*, however, "ac-

knowledged it to be a work of unequivocal power, and predicted for its author a brilliant career." "Sordello," though intimately related to "Pauline" and "Paracelsus," did not appear until 1840, five years after the publication of "Paracelsus." The scene in which the dramatic action of the poem unfolded, the wealth of recondite historical information and allusion which surrounds it and the severe condensation, secured often by the elision of articles, prepositions, conjunctions and relatives, all combined to prevent the poem from being read and of course from being appreciated. It is not true, however, as has been recently stated, that "Sordello" destroyed Browning's nascent popularity and prevented its revival for many years. For more than thirty-five years from the beginning of his career Browning had no popularity. For some time there was no sale of his writings sufficient to defray the cost of putting them before the public. "Pauline" was published at the expense of his maternal aunt, Mrs. John Silverthorne; the cost of publishing "Paracelsus" was borne by his father; "Sordello" was published at his own expense.

In the face of what to a weaker nature would have brought paralyzing discouragement, he continued working steadily on his own lines, faithful to his own ideal and finding sufficient reward in this fidelity.

Concerning the obscurity of Browning, of which "Sordello" is still cited as furnishing the chief example, Alexander, in his "Introduction to the Poetry of Robert Browning," cites, in addition to the extreme condensation of style and matter, the unfamiliar events of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries amid which the action of the poem unfolds and the exceptional character and mental life of Sordello himself, as the main reasons why the reader finds it difficult to understand. It ought to be noted, has indeed been noted by Swinburne, that even in "Sordello" Browning, while admittedly difficult, is not obscure. "The difficulty," says Swinburne, "found by many in Mr. Browning's work arises from a quality the very reverse of that which produces obscurity properly so called. Obscurity is the natural product of turbid forces and confused ideas; of a feeble and clouded or of a vigorous but unfixed and chaotic intellect. Now if there is any great

quality more perceptible than another in Mr. Browning's intellect, it is his decisive and incisive faculty of thought, his sureness and intensity of perception, his rapid and trenchant resolution of aim. To charge him with obscurity is about as accurate as to call Lynceus purblind or complain of the sluggish action of the telegraphic wire." The truth is that many readers of verse resent any demand upon their intellects; poetry to them being only a pleasing indulgence—an occasional substitute for a sherbet or a cigar—not to be taken seriously. Certainly Browning's poetry is not for such. No one to-day who knows "Sordello" derides it, for, difficult as it is to the beginner, it contains many veins of the pure gold of poetry and its pictures of the passionate, tumultuous life of the late twelfth and early thirteenth centuries in Italy, with the fierce conflicts of Guelf and Ghibeline by which it was torn, are unequalled in vividness and truth by any historian.

In 1849 appeared the first edition of his collected works in two small volumes. In the following year "Christmas Eve and Easter Day" was published and two hundred copies

were sold in the first fortnight, but the sale soon dropped to nothing and the remainder of the edition reposed undisturbed on the shelves of the bookseller. Thirteen years later, in 1863, a new edition enlarged to three volumes appeared. About this time John Skelton, a Scotch Advocate and literary man whose pen-name was "Shirley," wrote an appreciative essay on Robert Browning in which he said:—

"It is about time that we began to do justice to Robert Browning. A nation should be able to make up its mind on the merits and demerits of its leaders in the course of thirty years. Thirty years have passed since Robert Browning's first volume of poems was published; and thirty years ago he was almost as widely known as he is to-day. He is like to share the fate of Milton and several other Englishmen,—and women too."

Another edition of his collected poems, in six volumes, appeared in 1868, indicating a slowly but surely increasing demand for his works. It is true that in 1864 "Dramatis Personae" passed to a second edition within the year of its publication; yet nothing that Browning ever wrote had the instantaneous

popularity of his wife's "Aurora Leigh" except, possibly, "Asolando." To-day probably more people are reading even "Sordello" than are reading "Aurora Leigh."

It is an attractive bit of philosophy that all things come to him who can wait. Browning could wait. At last, in the successive months of November and December, 1868, and January and February, 1869, "The Ring and the Book" appeared in four volumes. Its success was such that it passed almost immediately into a second edition. The increasing interest in Browning is shown by the fact that of "Prince Hohenstiel-Schwangau," which appeared in 1871, 1,400 copies were sold in five days and of "Balaustion's Adventure," published in the same year, 2,500 copies were sold in five months.

With the production of "The Ring and the Book" Browning's genius reached high-water mark. If he had not achieved such popularity as had Tennyson in England and Longfellow in our own country, his reputation as a poet of the first order was firmly established and the circle of his readers grew wider with every year. He was now fifty-six years old and he

had made the substantial contribution to literature of some ten or twelve volumes containing, besides "Pauline," "Paracelsus" and "Sordello," "Pippa Passes," the dramas, "Stratford," "King Victor and King Charles," "The Return of the Druses," "A Blot in the 'Scutcheon," "Colombe's Birthday," "Luria" and "A Soul's Tragedy," "Dramatic Lyrics," "Dramatic Romances," "Christmas Eve and Easter Day," "Men and Women," "In a Balcony," "Dramatis Personae" and "The Ring and the Book." There remained for him still twenty years of work during which he produced such poems as "Balaustion's Adventure" and "Prince Hohenstiel-Schwangau" (in 1871, "Fifine at the Fair" (in 1872), "Red Cotton Night-cap Country" (in 1873), "The Inn Album" and "Aristophanes' Apology" (in 1875), the volume entitled "Pacchiorotto" (in 1876), "Agamemnon" (in 1877), "Two Poets of Croisic" and "La Saisaiz" (in 1878), "Dramatic Lyrics," 1st series (in 1879), and 2nd series (in 1880), "Jocoseria" (in 1883), "Ferishtah's Fancies" (in 1884), "Parleyings with Certain People" (in 1887) and "Asolando" (in 1889). The proofs of the last volume he read

but a short time before his final illness and he received notice of its publication and favorable reception on the day of his death, December 12, 1889.

The last year of his life was signalized also by the publication of a new and complete edition of his works, all save "Asolando," in sixteen crown octavo volumes.

Of Browning's work as a whole it may be said that while it shows intimate acquaintance with every form of poetic composition and extraordinary mastery of rhythm and rime, it shows also often a wilful and at times even whimsical handling of these. He has the nicest ear for modulation and melody, and yet occasionally, especially in certain poems, his verse is rugged, harsh and, to a sensitive nature, sometimes almost repellent. "Love among the Ruins" is musical enough to satisfy the most exacting ear. The same is true of many other poems. Take the brief lyric which prefaces "Two Poets of Croisic:"

> Such a starved bank of moss
> Till that May morn,
> Blue ran the flash across:
> Violets were born!

Sky—what a scowl of cloud
  Till, near and far,
Ray on ray split the shroud:
  Splendid, a star!

World—how it walled about
  Life with disgrace
Till God's own smile came out:
  That was thy face!

Or this from "Paracelsus:"

Thus the Mayne glideth
Where my love abideth,
Sleep's no softer; it proceeds
On through lawns, on through meads,
On and on, whate'er befall.
Meandering and musical.

Of the rugged style two specimens will answer, and these are from two of his finest poems. The first is from "Rabbi ben Ezra;"

  Poor vaunt of life indeed,
  Were man but formed to feed
On joy, to solely seek and find and feast:
  Such feasting ended, then
  As sure an end to men;
Irks care the crop-full bird? Frets doubt the maw-
    crammed beast?

The second specimen is from "A Grammarian's Funeral:"

Oh, such a life as he resolved to live,
  When he had learned it,
When he had gathered all books had to give!
  Sooner, he spurned it.

Image the whole, then execute the parts—
  Fancy the fabric
Quite, ere you build, ere steel strike fire from
      quartz,
  Ere mortar dab brick!

A master of color as well as of melody, at times he flashes upon the reader's eye a scene of beauty or of sublimity which can never be forgotten. He paints a sunset with two strokes of his brush:—

A last remains of sunset dimly burned
O'er the far forests, like a torch-flame turned
By the wind back upon its bearer's hand
In one long flare of crimson.

He pictures Dante's Hell, Purgatory and Paradise in half a dozen lines:—

Dante, pacer of the shore
Where glutted hell disgorgeth filthiest gloom,
Unbitten by its whirring sulphur-spume—
Or whence the grieved and obscure waters slope
Into a darkness quieted by hope;
Plucker of amaranths grown beneath God's eye
In gracious twilights where his chosen lie.

He pours the flush of life into marble:—

Shrinking Caryatides
Of just-tinged marble like Eve's lilied flesh
Beneath her maker's finger when the fresh
First pulse of life shot brightening the snow.

He describes a lichen on a rock and the surrounding ferns with the truth and sharpness of an etching:—

On our other side is the straight-up rock;
And a path is kept 'twixt the gorge and it
By boulder-stones where lichens mock
The marks of a moth, and small ferns fit
Their teeth in the polished block.

Or he shows a bit of the sea, seen from different points of view, with those low-toned, evanescent qualities of color which only the artist's eye detects:—

The swallow has set her six young on the rail,
And looks to sea-ward:
The water's in stripes like a snake, olive-pale
To the leeward,—
On the weather-side, black, spotted white with the wind.

In Browning's poems there are no romantic vaporings. He is intensely realistic, but realities are by no means to be identified with materialities. His main concern is with the realities of the inner life.

"Like Balzac, . . . he is interested in the eternal tragedy and comedy of life."

His method is predominantly dramatic. His chief subject is the human soul with its capabilities, needs and experiences, and these capabilities, needs and experiences are expressed by the personalities which he evokes. "The Ring and the Book" is typical. Each main character tells his own story. The Roman gossip, pro and con, Guido, Caponsacchi, Pompilia and the pope speak out the prejudice, the guile, the heroic passion, the inherent spirituality and innocence, the ripened wisdom, that is in each.

Like some other poets of the first rank he tried his "prentice hand" on the drama, but was indifferently successful in producing good dramas for the stage, though several of his have had more than a *success d'estime*. His genius was essentially dramatic, but the form in which he worked most freely and in which he achieved unique eminence is the dramatic monologue. In this form he has no rival. It is necessary to recall only "Fra Lippo Lippi," "Andrea del Sarto," "The Bishop Orders his Tomb at St. Praxed's Church" and "Bishop Blougram's Apology" as specimens of his work in this form, though a dozen others rush into the mind.

Browning has little to say on political or social problems. The nearest approach to political discussion is found in "Prince Hohenstiel-Schwangau" and "George Budd Dodington" in "Parleyings," but even in these he is not concerned with practical politics but with the ethical motives which underlie the political activity of certain persons.

It has been observed of Browning that, unlike most poets, even those of the highest rank, he never wrote verse which was merely or

mainly melodious sound. An ardent and discriminating lover of music and with an appreciation of beauty equal to that of Fra Lippo Lippi,—

> If you get simple beauty and nought else,
> You get about the best thing God invents,—

he was still more ardently a lover of significance. He might have said with Paracelsus:

> I cannot feed on beauty for the sake
> Of beauty only, nor can drink in balm
> From lovely objects for their loveliness.

We may presume that he would not if he could write such a poem as Kubla Khan, an exquisite compound of music and color in which there is a minimum of discoverable meaning. If "Childe Roland to the Dark Tower Came" be cited, it may be said that this is the only piece of pure fancy produced by him and even this, as a representation of life with its deceptive visions, its contradictions and its dark and fateful struggles, challenges the intellect as well as the imagination and provokes to thought.

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No other poet, not even Wordsworth, has produced so large a body of weighty thought. It is the constant interfusion of sound with sense which is one of the main attractions of his verse. It is never insipid or jejune, nor is it ever merely melodious. Everywhere there is an appeal to the intellect; everywhere there is stimulus to thought. Take such a poem as "Two in the Campagna;" with sure hand he portrays that appetite in man for the infinite which is never satisfied by the finite—

> The infinite passion and the pain
> Of finite hearts that yearn—

and in doing this sets the reader's mind to reflecting and questioning. Even in his most musical poems there is a subtle essence which will not permit the reader to be lulled to repose by melody; it stings him to thought. This poetry must, indeed, be read with the mind alert and fresh. It is one of the grounds of objection to him by certain critics that not merely will he never sacrifice sense to sound, but that he sometimes sacrifices sound to sense. If one reads poetry solely for the sake of the

emotions which it stirs, rather than for the truth which suffuses and breaks through the poetic form, he will very likely quarrel with Browning; but those who seek, not only an emotional and aesthetic gratification, but also an intellectual and spiritual uplift and enlargement, find in Browning in larger measure than in any other poet what they seek. At the same time, strong and constant as is his appeal to the intellect, his influence on the sensibility is not less strong; it is at times even stronger, since the feeling which is liberated by thought is more profound and lasting than that which is roused by an appeal solely to the emotions. For example, it is the great thought which suddenly flashes on the mind in the concluding lines of "Instans Tyrannus" and of the "Epistle of Karshish" which awakens emotion at once intense and enduring.

Did I say "without friend"?
Say rather, from marge to blue marge
The whole sky grew his targe
With the sun's self for visible boss,
While an Arm ran across
Which the earth heaved beneath like a breast
Where the wretch was safe prest!

Do you see? Just my vengeance complete,
The man sprang to his feet,
Stood erect, caught at God's skirts, and prayed!
—So, I was afraid!

Thus the tyrant is overwhelmed by the swift rushing sense of the divine regard for justice.

Upon Karshish is forced by the story of Lazarus a conviction which he violently repels, even scorns, but at last with a shock it returns and he exclaims:

The very God! think, Abib, dost thou think?
So, the All-Great, were the All-Loving too—
So, through the thunder comes a human voice
Saying, "O heart I made, a heart beats here!"

In both instances it is the thought which liberates the feeling and the feeling is as deep as it is sudden.

His Excellency, M. Jusserand, has recently said that Browning, "without comparison, is the loftiest and strongest soul that English poetry counts since Shakespeare." There are those who do not agree with this judgment. There are critics who complain about his defects of form, his wilfulness and even his oc-

casional whimsicality, critics to whom his preference of sense to sound, sometimes exemplified in his later years in very crabbed verse, is his chief offense. There are those who, like Matthew Arnold, have erected a standard or framed a canon out of a sentence in which Milton or other great writer has expressed a judgment, and then try our poet thereby and pronounce condemnation upon him. In his tractate on "Education" Milton, after speaking of rhetoric as taught "out of the rule of Plato, Aristotle" and others, says: "To which poetry would be made subsequent, or indeed rather precedent, as being less subtle and fine, but more simple, sensuous and passionate." Out of this Arnold fashioned the canon that "poetry ought to be simple, sensuous, and impassioned," and by it proceeded to try and judge Emerson. But this canon, applicable to lyric poetry, if universally applied, would rule out much of the best poetry in the world and with it certainly a considerable part of Arnold's own excellent verse.

The real fundamental laws of poetic composition Browning knew as well as any one, and these he does not violate; but conventional

and factitious canons he disregards. The truth is that Browning brought freshness and difference of poetic form as well as unparalleled weight of substance. The form was his own; he made it his own; in this case "le style est l'homme." To the captious critic one is moved to say: You are free to take Browning or leave him. If you leave him the loss will be yours; if you take him you must take him on his own terms, and no editing or expurgating will be acceptable to those who become intimate with him. As for those who are perpetually declaiming against his obscurity, his disregard of conventions, his excessive intellectuality, I know no better words to address to them than the words of Augustine Birrell at the end of his admirable essay on Carlyle:—

"Brother-dunces, lend me your ears! not to crop, but that I may whisper into their furry depths: Do not quarrel with genius. We have none ourselves, and yet are so constituted that we cannot live without it."

That Browning exerts a powerful and persistent attraction upon readers of his poems is indisputable. Aside from such as approach him with critical tentacles alert and sensitive,

those who come into immediate contact with his mind and art are awakened to an exceptional interest which grows with more intimate acquaintance. The zest never flags. However far afield their explorations in poetic literature may go, they always return to him with undiminished appetite and unabated delight in his work. This is an experience too numerously witnessed to be ignored. What is the explanation of the fact? Some critics have declared that the interest is like if not identical with that which is wakened in active minds by a subtle and intricate puzzle. For example, a recent writer says that Browning "presents a body of poetry" which "does not demand nor does it develop literary appreciation, but it does require keen intellectual acuteness. The exercise of the latter is the sort of work in which young men of quick minds but undeveloped taste can easily be made to take delight. It is all the more satisfactory to them because, while they are doing little more than unraveling the meaning of linguistic puzzles or dragging an idea to light from its misty hiding place, they honestly believe that the interest they take in what they are reading is

due to their enjoyment of it as poetry pure and simple." The author of this sapient explanation of the interest in Browning's work which many readers feel admits that the poet's "best production" does give pure literary enjoyment. But there is another and deeper enjoyment than that which is purely literary. We find in the critic just quoted a limitation similar to that of Matthew Arnold with his little canon that "poetry ought to be simple, sensuous and impassioned."

It would be very interesting, were there time, to consider Browning's treatment of Nature, his delineation and interpretation of womanhood in its various phases, and his attitude toward the development of scientific thought in the nineteenth century. Of each of these but a word can be said here. Stopford Brooke complains of Browning that he has not defined "what his intellect held the Natural World to be, in itself; what it meant for man; the relation in which it stood to God and God to it." In this the critic is not quite just. That Browning did not view Nature as Wordsworth did is tantamount to saying that Browning is not Wordsworth. That man was vastly

more significant and interesting than Nature to Browning is altogether true; yet many passages of his poems evince his accurate and loving observation of Nature, his penetration into its moods, and his perception of its intimate relation to both Man and God. I may now refer to but two. The closing section of "Saul" exhibits Nature as tremulously alive and sensitive to both human and divine feeling and thought.

. . . . The whole earth was awakened, hell loosed with her crews;
And the stars of night beat with emotion, and tingled and shot
Out in fire the strong pain of pent knowledge:
. . . . . .
Anon at the dawn, all that trouble had withered from earth—
Not so much, but I saw it die out in the day's tender birth:
In the gathered intensity brought to the gray of the hills;
In the shuddering forests' held breath; in the sudden wind-thrills;
In the startled wild beasts that bore off, each with eye sidling still

Though averted with wonder and dread; in the birds stiff and chill
That rose heavily, as I approached them, made stupid with awe;
E'en the serpent that slid away silent,—he felt the new law.
The same stared in the white humid faces upturned by the flowers;
The same worked in the heart of the cedar and moved the vine-bowers;
And the little brooks witnessing murmured, persistent and low,
With their obstinate, all but hushed voices—"E'en so, it is so!"

At the very beginning of "La Saisaiz" is a passage which unmistakably presents Nature as a revelation of God.

. . . . Every side my glance was bent
O'er the grandeur and the beauty lavished through the whole ascent.
Ledge by ledge, out broke new marvels, now minute and now immense:
Earth's most exquisite disclosure, heaven's own God in evidence!

As to Browning's treatment and apprecia-

tion of womanhood one needs only to recall Mildred in "A Blot in the 'Scutcheon," Pippa, the wistful little silk-weaver of Asolo in "Pippa Passes," Balaustion, the glorious Rhodian girl and woman in "Balaustion's Adventure" and "Aristophanes' Apology," Pompilia, the matchless child-wife and martyr in "The Ring and the Book," and the tragic heroine of "The Inn Album." Several of these feminine characters are unsurpassed, perhaps unequalled, even by Shakespeare.

Browning's outlook on the great movement of scientific thought, or rather his anticipation of that movement, appears in his marvelous forecast of the process of evolution, in "Paracelsus," more than a score of years before Darwin issued his epoch-making "Origin of Species." The passage is too long to be quoted here and it must be read as a whole to be fully appreciated. He thus closes his account of the ascending process:—

Prognostics told
Man's near approach; so in man's self arise
August anticipations, symbols, types
Of a dim splendor ever on before
In that eternal circle life pursues.

For men begin to pass their nature's bound,
And find new hopes and cares which fast supplant
Their proper joys and griefs; they grow too great
For narrow creeds of right and wrong, which fade
Before the unmeasured thirst for good: while peace
Rises within them ever more and more.

It is true that there is an immense intellectual element in our poet's work and in some part of that work the intellectual element is despotically dominant. But this by no means wholly explains the deep interest which he awakens. The ideas informing his work are those which address themselves to what is deepest and most urgent in the human soul. Browning's chief concern is with the nature, passions, struggles, weaknesses, sins, aspirations and development of the soul. He has more and subtler psychology than any other English poet, yet to an eminent degree he stands for the integrity of life. Neither ascetical nor mystical, he envisages the whole of the human personality, body as well as soul, executive will as well as aesthetic sensibility, intellect as well as heart.

In analyzing the complex life of man he certainly often "values thought more than ex-

pression," yet how often the expression rises to extraordinary heights of beauty and splendor. In Browning's thought man is an integer, not a mere compound of several discrete entities. In "A Death in the Desert" he gives a concise and clear statement of the tripartite theory of the human personality,—

> What Does, what Knows, what Is; three souls, one
> man,—

but it is not *his* theory. Moreover he views life as a whole. It is a process of development by which man, through sin and sorrow, through struggle and defeat, is working out his full being and destiny as a child of God, not apart from God nor merely by a divine aid coming to him from without, but by a divine energy within him, as if in man's development in some way God were realizing and fulfilling Himself. Yet there is no confusing identification of God with Nature or with man.

> You know what I mean: God's all, man's nought:
> But also, God, whose pleasure brought
> Man into being, stands away
> As it were a handbreadth off, to give

Room for the newly-made to live,
And look at Him from a place apart,
And use His gifts of brain and heart,
Given, indeed, but to keep forever.

When the development is complete the soul recognizes the perfection as His work,—

He fixed thee 'mid this dance
Of plastic circumstance,
This Present, thou, forsooth, would fain arrest:
Machinery just meant
To give thy soul its bent,
Try thee and turn thee forth, sufficiently impressed.

Two great central facts in his philosophy are God and the soul,—

Call this—God, then, call that—soul, and both—the only facts for me.

The reference in "La Saisaiz" has the force of a personal confession,—

He at least believed in soul, and was very sure of God.

Life is a struggle, strenuous and fateful, but it is through struggle that man rises to vision, self-possession and power. Thus in the words of Bishop Blougram:—

When the fight begins within himself,
A man's worth something. God stoops o'er his head,
Satan looks up between his feet—both tug—
He's left, himself, i' the middle; the soul wakes
And grows. Prolong that battle through his life!
Never leave growing till the life to come!

In this struggle knowledge is of vast importance, yet knowledge always is relative. What appears true to-day and for the moment is true is seen, by comparison, to be false to-morrow, the new vision continually correcting the old. There is, thus, no perfect knowledge, the soul slowly advancing from point to point. But greater than knowledge, is love, for it is chiefly through love that real knowledge comes.

So let us say—not, "Since we know, we love,"
But rather, "Since we love, we love enough."

Through all the struggle is the energizing

influence of hope. In every soul is a germ of good which some time will unfold into power. Good is imperishable; evil is impermanent. Thus in "Abt Vogler,"—

> There shall never be one lost good! What was shall live as before;
> The evil is null, is naught, is silence implying sound:
> What was good shall be good, with, for evil, so much good more;
> On the earth the broken arcs; in the heaven a perfect round.

The problem of evil in some form is seldom absent from his mind. Unquestionably a poet of the first rank, Browning belongs to the class of poet-prophets. He is never the mere minister of beauty and always "sees the infinite in things." Imperfection is evidence of an ideal perfection and the pledge of its progressive realization. Evil is not ultimate; it is like air to the bird or water to the swimmer, the element by which, through struggle, man rises. In every human being, however defective, however low, there is a persistent germ

of good which in this world or in worlds to come will unfold into justifying beauty and goodness. "All life, all nature," said Bishop Westcott, "is the legitimate field of the poet as prophet. There is an infinite, an eternal meaning in all, and it is his office to make this intelligible to his students. No modern poet has more boldly claimed the fulness of his heritage of life than Browning. He has dared to look on the darkest and meanest forms of action and passion, from which we commonly and rightly turn our eyes, and he has brought back for us from this universal survey a conviction of hope. He has laid bare what there is in man of sordid, selfish, impure, corrupt, brutish, and he proclaims in spite of every disappointment and every wound, that he still finds a spiritual power in him, answering to a spiritual power without him, which restores assurance as to the destiny of creation."

Browning is preëminently an optimist, not, however, of the easy-going sort who blink the evil of life and propound the soft philosophy—

"Whatever is is right."

His optimism is an achievement of blended

reason and faith won in despite of the recognized, palpable evil of life. By no flower-strewn path, but by a rugged way, leading through the darkest places, facing the whole tragedy of human experience with its sordidness, its lust and cruelty, its outrageous wrong, its blinding misfortune, its failures and defeats, our poet issues into the light with a message full of encouragement and confident hope. He issues from the Paris Morgue, with its three grim suicides, to write:—

> My own hope is, a sun will pierce
> The thickest cloud earth ever stretched;
> That, after Last, returns the First,
> Though a wide compass round be fetched;
> That what began best, can't end worst,
> Nor what God blessed once, prove accurst.

The basic principle of his optimism is the steadfast, unconquerable good purpose of God. There is in his philosophy a divine predestination as fundamental as in that of Calvin, but it is predestination not to perdition but to salvation,—to the fulfilment of life. Browning has the universalism of Paul in his most shining moment when he conceives of redemption

as including with man the groaning and travailing creation to its utmost bound.

Is not God now i' the world his power first made?
Is not his love at issue still with sin,
Visibly when a wrong is done on earth?

It is inevitable, therefore, that Browning's philosophy should include the emphatic affirmation of immortality. To him the world is a place of beginnings. The drama opening on this earthly stage has its *denouement* hereafter. All his deeper and much of his lighter thought is suffused with his feeling of the imperishableness of the soul and the inexhaustibleness of life. In "Cleon" he depicts the cultivated poet-artist, finest efflorescence of a still rich but declining paganism, with his hunger for the immortality in which he cannot believe. To his royal friend, Protus, he writes—

Thou diest while I survive?
Say rather that my fate is deadlier still,
In this, that every day my sense of joy
Grows more acute, my soul (intensified
By power and insight) more enlarged, more keen;
While every day my hairs fall more and more,

My hand shakes, and the heavy years increase—
The horror quickening still from year to year,
The consummation coming past escape,
When I shall know most, and yet least enjoy—
When all my works wherein I prove my worth,
Being present still to mock me in men's mouths,
Alive still, in the praise of such as thou,
I, I the feeling, thinking, acting man,
The man who loved his life so overmuch,
Sleep in my urn. It is so horrible,
I dare at times imagine to my need
Some future state revealed to us by Zeus,
Unlimited in capability
For joy, as this is in desire for joy,
—To seek which, the joy-hunger forces us:
That, stung by straitness of our life, made strait
On purpose to make prized the life at large—
Freed by the throbbing impulse we call death,
We burst there as the worm into the fly,
Who, while a worm still, wants his wings. But no!
Zeus has not yet revealed it; and alas,
He must have done so, were it possible!

In "A Grammarian's Funeral" the scholar, whose body is being carried by students to a grave on the mountain top, aspired to know and, undisturbed by advancing age with its infirmities, unshaken even by death, pursues

his end calmly confident that man's opportunity will equal his aspiration.

Yea, this in him was the peculiar grace
  (Hearten our chorus)
That before living he'd learn how to live—
  No end to learning:
Earn the means first—God surely will contrive
  Use for our earning.
Others mistrust and say, "But time escapes:
  Live now or never;"
He said, "What's time? Leave Now for dogs and
    apes!
  Man has forever."

In "Rabbi ben Ezra" the Jewish sage contemplates life as a whole which death completes, but, throughout his reflection on youth with its zest for life, mid-age with its tasks and old age with its matured wisdom, there is the serene assurance that death, while it completes the disciplinary process, does not end the life.

  Thou, to whom fools propound,
  When the wine makes its round,
"Since life fleets, all is change; the Past gone,
    seize to-day!"

Fool! All that is at all,
Lasts ever, past recall;
Earth changes, but thy soul and God stand sure:
What entered into thee,
That was, is, and shall be:
Time's wheel runs back or stops: Potter and clay
endure.

In a quite different way, but with the same firmness of conviction, Browning expresses his belief in immortality in his "Parleying" with Gerard de Laresse. He commends Achilles who, when consoled by Odysseus in Hades with the consideration that even there he is still a prince, replies: "Nay, speak not comfortably to me of death, great Odysseus; I would rather be a serf bound to the soil, the hireling of a man with little land or wealth, than bear sway over all the departed." Yet Browning, in his old age calmly basing his faith on the reasonableness of God in creation, says:—

By proved potency that still
Makes perfect, be assured, come what come will,
What once lives never dies—what here attains
To a beginning has no end, still gains
And never loses aught: when, where, and how—
Lies in Law's lap. What's death then? Even now

With so much knowledge is it hard to bear
Brief interposing ignorance? Is care
For a creation found at fault just there—
There where the heart breaks bond and outruns time,
To reach, not follow what shall be?

Browning prizes this present life. He tastes all its varied flavors of pleasure, feels all the stress of its tasks and conflicts, its perplexity and pain; yet he is ever conscious that the earthly experience furnishes opportunities and means for the making of a soul. He knows the doubt and fear which oppressed Tennyson and drew from Arnold melodious despair, but he

. . . . Never turned his back but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake.

Thus he could

Greet the unseen with a cheer.

This persistent optimism, nourished by deep reflection as well as by faith, makes Browning the "Greatheart" whose words, like Luther's, are "half-battles" emancipating many a soul from doubt and fear and sending a strong pulse of life into a generation which had grown spiritually anaemic under the influence of a prevailing materialism.

It is peculiarly fitting that the hundredth anniversary of Robert Browning's birth should be celebrated in appropriate ways in this country. The Western half of the English-speaking world contains more lovers of our poet than even his native island. There arose in the United States an earlier and juster appreciation of his spirit and work than appeared among even his own kindred. But he belongs not to England alone, nor to the English speaking world, but to humanity. His message, uttered in advance of his time, grew intelligible as the years rolled by and it comes home to the minds and hearts of men and women to-day with increasing force. God the fountain of power and love, Life a conflict, a discipline and a growth, Good slowly but surely

winning its triumph over evil—these are "the burden of the word of the Lord" in the verse of this poet-prophet whose literary career strikingly illustrates the last words of the dying Paracelsus:—

> If I stoop
> Into a dark tremendous sea of cloud,
> It is but for a time; I press God's lamp
> Close to my breast; its splendor, soon or late,
> Will pierce the gloom: I shall emerge one day.

IVAN TURGENIEF

THE MAN AND THE ARTIST

IVAN TURGENIEF

THE MAN AND THE ARTIST

Ivan Sergyevitch Turgenief was born in Orel,[1] in the province of Orel, October 28, 1818. The Turgeniefs were nobles of the old stock. It is an interesting fact that many men of genius in Russia were derived from foreign races. Kantemir, Chemnitzer, Jukovski, Pushkin, Lermontof and Tolstoi had in their veins the blood of Greeks, Germans, Scots, Turks and even Negroes. The Turgenief family, according to tradition, came from a Tartar chief who entered the service of the Grand Prince of Moscow in 1425; hence the name "Tur-Khan." "Scratch a Russian and you find a Tartar" has fresh illustration in the present case. Most of Turgenief's ancestors, at least on his father's side, were soldiers, but history says nothing either of their intelligence or of their morals. At the end of the

[1] Pronounced aryōl.

eighteenth century a cousin, Andre Turgenief, was the initiator of a mystical and literary movement in Russia and Andre's two brothers, both younger than himself, gave evidence of talent if not of genius. One of them, Alexander, left a valuable historical collection, while the other left an excellent work on the Russia of Nicholas I. This was written while the author was in exile. After having achieved distinction in the service of the State under Alexander I, he was implicated in the conspiracy of December, 1825, and was expatriated by Nicholas. The remainder of his life was spent in Paris, where he died in 1871. M. Haumant, Turgenief's biographer, finds in Turgenief traces of Andre's tendency to mysticism and of Nicholas' taste for historical observation.

Tartar in blood though it may originally have been, Norse blood must have entered the family stream, for Turgenief was large of stature and had blue eyes. "He resembles less the pirates of the Steppe than those of the North Sea," says Haumant. In this respect he was like his French friend Flaubert. His father was a large blond man with fine and

regular features and blue eyes. His mother, a Lutovinof, was six years older than her husband, swarthy of complexion and of ungraceful figure. The administration of the estate was in her hands and she ruled with a rod of iron. Haumant thus describes her: "She was capricious, passionate, vindictive and quite unconscious of the evil which she did. Around her punishments fell in showers—exiles, deportations, humiliating travesties, forced marriages, sudden separations of members of the same family and blows which spared not even her factotum Poliakof." Reminiscences of his mother's rule are traceable in Turgenief's writings, especially in "Memoirs of a Sportsman." His experience at home is said to have made him nervous and timid and inspired in him hatred of injustice and violence. Quite naturally he became an enemy of serfdom.

The family estate was at Spask, a large town in the province of Orel, about a hundred and thirty miles south of Moscow. The mansion, built by a Lutovinof at the beginning of the nineteenth century, was very large, comprising more than forty rooms besides a great hall surrounded by galleries. It had two

wings, one for the women serfs who sewed and embroidered the linen of the house; the other for the musician serfs. About the mansion were other buildings for the servants, for baths, etc. The house was surrounded by a garden so large as to be practically a park. In this were many trees and a large pond. Here the boy wandered, exploring every nook and corner of the spacious grounds, watching the life of nature, snaring birds which he took captive to his room—in all aided and abetted by the servants. Among these servants was one Punin who had an enthusiasm for Keraskof, a mediocre poet of the eighteenth century. To this poet Punin drew the attention of the little Ivan, reading to him "The Russiade," a feeble imitation of Voltaire's "Henriade." The way in which Punin read and the material and incidents of the poem all appealed to the mind of the child. Thus was awakened his first interest in literature. He lived in the garden more than anywhere else. One incident in his experience there made a deep impression on him. In a letter from Spask written in 1868, speaking of the garden, he said: "It is here that I, a mere child, was witness of

a struggle of a toad with a snake which for the first time caused me to doubt a good Providence."

Ivan, with his brother Nicholas, was educated primarily at home under various foreign teachers, German and French. He was early taught the languages of both of these peoples. French he acquired rapidly and spoke with ease and grace. It has been said of him that, like Pushkin, he had two maternal tongues, Russian and French. His biographer says: "His father and mother read only French. They agreed or they quarreled only in French. When Varvara Petrovna offered God the courtesy of a prayer it was in French."

His education properly began in the pension of the German Weydenhammer, but soon passed to the Institute Lazaref, "a college founded for Armenian students but which the Russians had invaded." He was occupied with modern languages, especially French; the sciences and Latin were taught only to future candidates for the university. In the Institute Lazaref he became acquainted with Zagoskin's romance, "George Meloslavski," and was so enraptured with it that one day, when a student

interrupted the reading by a master, Turgenief fell upon him with clinched fists. In 1832 he took his entrance examination for the University of Moscow, but two or three years later went to Petersburg whither, after the death of his father, the family moved. The University of Petersburg exerted upon him a more pronounced literary influence than that of Moscow, and there he made his first boyish literary ventures. In 1838 he ended his university studies with a grade that would have allowed him immediately to enter government service; but he was rich and under no compulsion to labor, so he went abroad.

He went first to Berlin, sailing from Kronstadt to Lübeck on the *Nicholas I.* During the voyage the following incident occurred. It seems that he had promised his mother not to play cards; nevertheless one night he was playing cards when there was a cry of "Fire!" The *Nicholas I* was in flames. There is a story which followed him all his life that he threw himself on the bridge among hustling women and children and cried with a shrill voice, "Save me! I'm the only son of a rich widow. Ten thousand roubles to him who will

save me!" Whether the story be literally true or not, Turgenief acknowledged later that he had lost his head for a moment.

Like all Russians, he was warmly received at the Prussian University. "The professors here," he says, "expect that our government will decorate them." At first he shared the "Schilleromania" which was prevalent, but soon turned to Goethe, reading "Faust" so often that finally he knew the first part by heart. Years afterwards he surprised his Parisian friends by translating from memory long passages of the poem. Here in Berlin he met Granovski, Nevierof, Stankievitch and Michael Bakunin. The last-named was at that time only a Hegelian but later became the apostle of anarchy. For a time he exerted a strong influence over the younger Turgenief. With these companions Turgenief met for a time at the house of a Madame Frolof, who slept during the day in order that she might spend the night in discussion. Later the meetings were with one or another of their number on appointed days, often with Turgenief whom Varvara Petrovna supplied with "incomparable tea." Several of these men, notably Bakunin

and Stankievitch, appeared in Turgenief's novels more or less freely sketched. His relation with the latter was not of long endurance, for Stankievitch soon died, but it was warm and lingered long in memory. Nevierof relates that after a night with the Frolofs the students had come together again at dawn and were discussing the enfranchisement of the serfs, which would surely take place some day but would find the serfs incapable of properly using their freedom. "It is necessary to instruct them," said Stankievitch, "to draw them from their night. Let us swear, my friends, to consecrate our strength to that end." The oath thus taken was kept. Stankievitch, too soon dead, bequeathed his fortune to the schools of his district; Nevierof and Granovski became professors; Turgenief attempted to be one and we see him often occupying himself both with schools and with students.

In 1840 Turgenief visited the Rhine country, Switzerland and Italy, avoiding as a rule the large cities and the crowd and finding his delight in the forests, the valleys, the brooks —in a word, in Nature. The following year he returned to Moscow wearing spectacles, it

is said, and using excessively long words. Herzen thought him a *poseur*. Bielinski, who was more indulgent, compared him to Lenski, a character in one of Pushkin's poems, who had returned from Germany "with inflamed and bizarre ideas, a soul purely Göttingenian." He dreamed of lecturing to the young men on Hegel. He even sought an examination by the university for the degree of master in philosophy, which would have opened to him a university career. While the official red tape was unwinding Turgenief took himself off to Petersburg where we find him in 1843 in the Ministry of the Interior reading, not Hegel, but George Sand, and writing verse and comedies and associating with young writers like Nekrassof and Dostoievski. The latter writes of him at this time: "I have just seen the poet Turgenief. He is a genial, aristocratic, beautiful young man, rich and intelligent. I know of nothing that nature has refused him."

At that time Turgenief seems to have had a taste for exaggeration and boasting and playing practical jokes. He told doubtful stories about his having stopped a runaway team and saving a woman's life and other heroic deeds.

One evening he reported a day's hunt in which he had bagged an astounding quantity of game and invited his companions to come and dine with him on the morrow. When they arrived at his lodging they were met by a wooden countenance and went away much disgusted with "this first edition of the Narratives of a Sportsman." Similar incidents are told by his biographer.

He was the favorite son of his mother, Varvara Petrovna, and when he was at home she was in a better humor with everybody. It was her intention that he should make a good marriage and then achieve a fine career, but he was not favorably disposed to either. "Marry!" he cried, "you might as well expect to see the church in Spask dance the *trepak* on its two crosses." She was much incensed at the idea of his following a literary career; however, she would have overlooked his writing prose and verse if he had remained in the government service. But he resigned in 1845 with the trifling rank of "College Assessor." Thereafter his mother reduced his allowance or cut it off altogether.

About this time he produced a little comedy

significantly entitled "Without a Sou," but it was of little worth. He had not yet found himself, though he had fairly begun his literary career. As early as 1840 he had written "Three Portraits," a tragic and revolting but powerful story. Between 1842 and 1847 he published critical articles, some poems and several novels. He was devoted to the chase and while hunting, sometimes for weeks, in the woods of Orel, he gathered material for those short stories which were the foundation of his fame, "The Memoirs of a Sportsman." In the Epilogue to this work the author says:

"Hunting with gun and hound is very fine in itself, *für sich,* as people used to say in days of old; but, supposing you were not born a huntsman: nevertheless you are a lover of nature; consequently, you cannot but envy huntsmen like us. . . . . Listen!

"Do you know, for example, what a delight it is to sally forth in springtime before dawn? You step out on the porch . . . In the dark blue sky stars are twinkling here and there; a damp breeze sweeps past from time to time in light gusts; the repressed, ill-defined whispering of the night is audible; the trees are rustling as

they stand enveloped in shadow. Now they lay a rug in the peasant-cart and place a box with the samovar at your feet. The trace-horses fidget, neigh, and shift coquettishly from foot to foot; a pair of white geese, which have just waked up, waddle silently and slowly across the road. Beyond the wattled hedge, in the garden, the watchman is snoring peacefully; every sound seems to hang suspended in the chilly air,—to hang and not pass on. Now you have taken your seat; the horses have set off on the instant, the cart has begun to rattle loudly . . . you drive on and on . . . and past the church down-hill to the right, across the dam . . . The pond is barely beginning to smoke. You feel a little cold, you cover up your face with the collar of your cloak; you sink into a doze. The horses plash their hoofs sonorously through puddles; the coachman begins to whistle. But now you have got four versts from home . . . The rim of the sky is beginning to flush crimson; the daws scatter over the birch-trees, flying awkwardly from tree to tree. The sparrows are tripping around the dark rick. The air grows clearer. The road becomes visible. Sleepy voices make themselves heard behind the gates. And in the meantime the dawn is kindling; and lo, already golden streaks have swung themselves a-thwart the sky.

The mists are swirling in the ravines; the larks are warbling loudly; the breeze which precedes the dawn has begun to blow, and the crimson sun glides softly up. The light fairly gushes forth in a flood; your heart flutters within you like a bird." [1]

In such lyrical way does Turgenief describe his observations as he set out for a day of hunting.

His relations with the cynical critic, Bielinski, began in 1843. Bielinski had praised Turgenief's verse and the latter went to express his thanks. He found Bielinski "in a miserable but appropriate apartment; a man still young, worn with consumption, nervous, timid and awkward." With this man Turgenief discussed interminably, even to the loss of his voice, the Europeanizing of Russia in which Bielinski profoundly believed. Then they passed to other subjects. Once after discussing for six hours Bielinski exclaimed: "What, now, we know not yet if God exists, and you wish to dine!"

In 1847 Turgenief left Russia on the heels of Madame Viardot for a new pilgrimage. His relation with the Viardots was so intimate

[1] Vol. 2, pp. 336-338; cf. Vol. I, 26, 27.

and continued through so many years that some account of these people should be given here. Louis Viardot was born in Dijon, France, in 1800; he was therefore some eighteen years older than Turgenief. He studied law in Paris, became a journalist and for several years was manager of the Grand Opera. In company with George Sand and Pierre Leroux he founded "La Revue Independante" in 1841. He was the author of a history of the Arabs and Moors in Spain. Michele Ferdinande Pauline Viardot-Garcia, the daughter of Manuel Garcia, the Spanish singer and composer, and the wife of Louis Viardot, was a well-known French opera singer and actress. She was twenty-one years younger than her husband and three years younger than Turgenief. From her mother she received voice culture and from Liszt instruction on the piano. Her sister Maria, known as Malibran, achieved fame and died at the early age of twenty-eight years. Pauline's voice was a mezzo-soprano of great sweetness and power. She appeared as a singer in public first in Brussels in 1837 when she was but sixteen years old. Six years later she came to sing

for the first time in St. Petersburg and at that time Turgenief's acquaintance with her began, since he writes in 1846,

"We are already friends of three years' standing."

The young diva attracted many worshippers. The story is told that she had in her box at the opera a bear-skin with claws of gold. Four friends seated themselves on the four paws and each of them in turn, in the intervals between the acts, had to tell a tale. Turgenief, it is said, was paw No. 3. He talked of Pauline to everyone, even to his mother, Varvara Petrovna, who, disquieted, went to hear "that cursed Bohemienne." To Bielinski he wrote describing his rapture on the day when she passed her perfumed handkerchief over his forehead.

The relation between Turgenief and Pauline, though it gave rise to some half cynical stories and remarks, seems to have been one of mutual strong regard. She doubtless admired his fine figure and blond moustache and especially his mind which, he says, "She comprehends better than I myself." For the feminine intelligence which comprehends so well he has a sort of as-

tonished respect; for the talent, he calls it genius, of the cantatrice he has unbounded admiration. That he loved her, impassioned words in his letters seem to show, though those very letters have the usual formal ending; but, above all, he was her admirer and friend.

When Turgenief left Petersburg in 1847 it was supposed to be solely on account of Pauline, who had now become Madame Viardot, but scarcely had he reached Berlin when he left her to go to Stettin to meet Bielinski and to take him to Salzbrünner in Silesia for the waters there. In Salzbrünner he remained some weeks discussing with his friend as formerly in Petersburg. Then, one fine morning, he suddenly disappeared, forgetting his luggage. "The devil knows where he has gone," wrote Bielinski. The gossip in Petersburg was that Madame Viardot "had him confined in a castle of the Basque country where from his window he converses with the wolves." The truth is that, sometimes with his friends, sometimes alone, he was in Paris, in Toulon, in Brussels or elsewhere, according to his fancy or the state of his purse which now only editors supplied and seldom with louis d'or.

At intervals, especially during the absence of the Viardots, he worked hard. He learned Spanish and read Calderon with enthusiasm. He read also many French authors, among the older, Corneille, Saint Simon, Pascal whom he greatly admired, also Xavier de Maistre and Madame Roland; among contemporaries, Michelet and George Sand. Most of his time was spent in Paris which, for him as for other Russians, was France. Unlike them, however, he disdained the Parisian pleasures. During this time he wrote two comedies, "The Parasite" and "The Old Boy," also two novels, "The Journal of a Superfluous Man" and "Three Adventures," and many of the stories in "Memoirs of a Sportsman." Part of his time he spent at Courtavenel, a house belonging to Madame Viardot in Brie. There he engaged in writing or in talking with the neighbors, the gardener and the cook, Veronica, and playing with the dogs, Diane and Sultan. He has melancholy moods. He questions himself concerning "that indifferent, imperious, voracious, egoistic thing" that life is. In the background he suspects other forces more secret, but whether hostile or benevolent, who knows?

One evening he hears two mysterious sighs. He says: "If some one, at that moment, had put his hand on my shoulder, I avow that I should have uttered a sharp cry."

About the middle of 1850 Turgenief returned to Russia. His biographer tells us that one day, in the field of Brie, he met a gray crow. The thought that this bird was perhaps a compatriot of his moved him to write

Corbeau! Corbeau!
Tu n'es pas beau,
Mais tu nous viens de mon pays.
Eh Bien! retournes-y!

Which may be rendered,

O crow! gray crow!
Art thou beautiful? No.
But thou com'st from my home;
Ah, well, thither roam.

He seems to have had little inclination to follow the migrating bird. His mother apparently had forgotten him. His dearest friends were in France. In Russia Dostoievski had just been exiled to Siberia and Bielinski had escaped

exile only by dying. He loved the plains and woods where he had so often tramped, fowling piece in hand; but at the same time in his letters he speaks of "the well-beloved plains of Brie" and of Courtavenel as the place which he loved the most in the world.

Doubtless the increased illness of his mother was the determining cause of his return. She suffered from dropsy and her disease rapidly grew worse, as did her temper. One of her last acts was an attempt, which fortunately failed, to impoverish both her sons, Ivan and Nicholas. Something of her spirit is shown by the fact that on the evening of her death, by her order musicians in the next chamber played polkas. Turgenief had gone to Turgenievo, a little village left him by his father, and there waited, passing the time in hunting or sauntering about. In a letter to Madame Viardot he says:

"We see every day troops of cranes which move with their slow and regular flight toward the South. I know nothing more solemn than their cry, which seems to fall upon you from the clouds and to say: 'Adieu, poor little curs of men who cannot change your place. We go to the South; you remain in snow and misery!' But patience."

Here the news that his mother was dying came to him, but too late to permit him to see her alive.

On the settlement of the estate he found himself the possessor of an income of about $5,000 (25,000 livres) a year. In 1852 the "Memoirs of a Sportsman" were published in a volume and he at once became popular and consequently suspected by the Russian government.[1] The characteristically stupid tyranny of that government is ludicrously shown by the following incident. About this time Gogol died and in a letter concerning him designed for publication Turgenief spoke of him as "a great man." These words the Petersburg censor cancelled. Shortly before this a work on natural history had come under the eye of the same censor for examination and he cancelled the phrase, "the majesty of nature," because this title belongs only to crowned heads! Turgenief did not pause to protest but hastened to Moscow with

[1] Of the "Memoirs of a Sportsman" the late Viscount de Vogüe said: "When these fragments were gathered into a volume, the public, undecided till then, comprehended the significance of the work. Some one had come who dared to develop the concealed sense in the sinister pleasantry of Gogol upon *dead souls*."

the offending letter and the Moscow censor passed it unmutilated. On Turgenief's return to Petersburg there was a tempest. The police remembered that in "Memoirs of a Sportsman" the writer had shown "des preuves de mauvais esprit"—evidences of an evil mind—and he was arrested and for a little time confined at the police headquarters. Soon he was, not released, but sent to Spask where he was kept under a veiled surveillance until 1854 when, through the influence of friends, he was permitted to return to the capital. During this enforced retirement he was by no means idle for, besides reading much, he wrote additional "Memoirs of a Sportsman," the novels, "Two Friends" and "The Sleeping Waters" and some critical articles and began "Rudin."

It was now recognized that he had become "the first writer of Russia." He took little interest in the war then raging in the Crimea, but the fall of Sevastopol afflicted him until he found consolation in the stories which the war had inspired in a certain Count Tolstoi. Soon he and the young author met. Their judgments on each other are interesting and even amusing. Tolstoi thought that Turgenief had

"the thighs of a phrase-maker," whatever that may mean (les cuisses d'un phraseur); Turgenief thought that Tolstoi was too vain of his title of Count. "Which was right," remarks Haumant, "it is difficult to say." A photograph of the time shows the two authors together amid a group of friends. Turgenief sits inclined slightly forward with his hands on his knees and there is a touch of vagueness and melancholy in his gaze; Tolstoi stands upright behind Turgenief with his arms folded across his breast and a somewhat bitter and contemptuous expression on his face. The most offensive pose in the picture certainly is that of Tolstoi, perhaps, as Haumant says, "because he is the younger."

Turgenief is now thirty-six years old. Something like a crisis had arrived, not so much external as internal, though doubtless it was connected with the death of his mother and the accompanying circumstances. He felt the necessity of renouncing all dreams and desires and of being firmly resigned. He writes: "I am not sad; I have work before me . . . and yet I feel my life exhausting itself drop by drop like water from a half-closed tap."

With the close of the war Russian relations with Western Europe were resumed and travel again flowed from Petersburg and Moscow to Paris, to London, to Berlin, to Rome. Turgenief obtained a passport and in July, 1856, crossed the frontier without regret. He was unmarried, but he had a daughter, the fruit of an amour as early as 1842. This daughter he had left in the care of Madam Viardot and he wished to see her. He also wished once more to see his friends and he had become anxious about his health. After this time, though he often returned to Russia, it was no longer his home and his visits were brief. He traveled much, appearing almost every year at Paris, Soden, Vienna, Rome, London, the Isle of Wight, Spask, Petersburg and other places. His restlessness was partly due to the real or fancied state of his health. He suffered from gout, though he was temperate in both eating and drinking. In imagination at least he had all the maladies which he described to his physicians who were among the most eminent in France, Germany and Austria. These sent him in turn to Rome for the air of the South, to the Isle of Wight for the sea air, to Soden for

the water, to Baden for the pines, even to Dijon though for what is not apparent. For some time he had a morbid apprehension of cholera, indications of which he discovered everywhere. He believed that he was afflicted with a malady which "plays with its victims and gives them deceptive respites," as he said to his friend Anenkof to whom he had written an eternal farewell but who found him in Dresden quite gay.

His restlessness was due partly to an exacting nature. He loathed what he called the vulgar and low wit and blackguardism of the Parisians, though he immensely admired French taste. Rome attracted him strongly. From there he writes: "Nowhere else can one saunter with so much of charm, but in this sauntering thought is always busy. . . . One does not feel the fatigue and remorse which accompany vulgar and sterile idleness." But he needed the intellectual stir and attrition of a great European center of life and thought, and papal Rome was not such a center.

Germany had for him so strong an interest that he went thither every year. There he sought, not discussions nor great centers, but the peaceful and picturesque valleys which had

charmed him in his student days and the small towns where he lived in the atmosphere of Hegel and Goethe and Schiller. But he tired of the German puerilities of taste, so he returned to Paris. Though he detested its accumulation of human odors, the materialism of Balzac's bourgeois, the lack of breadth and poetry, he exclaims: "That villainous Paris! Nevertheless I love it." Haumant says truly: "The ideal residence for him would have been one which should combine German nature with French taste." This he found in 1864 when, having left the stage, Madame Viardot established herself and family in Baden. Turgenief installed himself in a small house on Schiller Strasse, but three or four years later he built, near the Viardots, a villa in the style of Louis Trieze, with a garden and an attractive outlook. To this he returned whenever the impulse to follow a Bohemian life spent itself. During his sojourns in Baden and Paris he was sought out by many of his fellow countrymen, some of them for consolation or advice, more of them for money. The money they always got, if he had any, and the loan usually proved a gift. What he thought of some of his com-

patriots appears in the characters which he has drawn in "Smoke."

His visits to Russia to look after his property were made each year with increasing apprehension because of the police who questioned him sharply as to his life abroad. The state of the Russian people, especially the peasants and whilom serfs, distressed him. The publication of "Fathers and Children," which first gave currency to the word "Nihilist," destroyed for a time his popularity. His old friends had disappeared, mostly by death, and he felt himself growing old.

At the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian war he believed that the French would triumph and their defeat greatly disconcerted him; yet he seems also to have had a prevision of the final result. He can even jest in his letters over the illusions of the French, the fall of Metz, "our glorious Bazaine" and "the incivility of the Germans who dared to cover with shame the invincible people." He did not share Dostoievski's belief that defeat would regenerate the French nation, and says: "With their vanity, their horror of the truth, I doubt that they will ever rise again." In this, history has justified

Dostoievski and refuted Turgenief's pessimistic prophecy. Still he blames the ruthlessness of the Germans in burning Strasburg, thinks that the "champions of civilization" are worse conquerors than others and condemns the annexation of Alsace.

He would have been content, however, to remain in Baden, if the Viardots also had consented to remain; but after the peace they removed to Paris and Turgenief, selling his villa, went to rejoin them. He told a friend that if they should go to Australia he would follow them.

The remainder of his life must be passed over rapidly. A few months after their arrival in Paris the Viardots and he bought the Villa des Frenes (Villa of the Ash-trees) in Bougival, a village near Paris, and here he made his final home. He still continued to go annually to Russia, but his health was broken and he suffered much from gout and from an even more distressful disease which finally proved to be cancer of the spinal cord.

Among French literary men his most intimate friend as well as warmest admirer was Flaubert. With him and other literary lights he often

dined at the Cafe Magny, where Flaubert originated or revived the famous literary dinners known by the name of that restaurant. With him too he usually spent his Sundays. On the street his tall figure, long white hair and great white beard soon made him popular among the common people. This vexed him. He said: "I am turning into the picturesque old man." His exterior and his origin interested the loungers; his work interested the literary people. Hetzel or Hachette published his great romances, one of them, "Smoke," with a preface by Merimee. His last works were the short stories, "A Reckless Character" and "Clara Militch."

In 1880, while in Petersburg, severe pains in the back kept him in bed. In 1882 he had to abandon his annual journey to Spask. On September 3rd, 1883, he died at Bougival after a long period of delirium caused by his terrible suffering. For two days before his death he was unconscious and finally, after two severe convulsions, he passed away. The Viardots were by his side. The body was taken to Petersburg where it was received with the greatest honors. He had said once to Polonski: "Wait till we are dead; you shall see how they

will treat us." His words were fulfilled. His biographer says: "His obsequies were a triumph such as had not been seen since those of Pushkin, many years before. Two hundred and eighty-five deputations, an enormous crowd, accompanied the body to the cemetery where it reposes far from the Russian and foreign fields which he loved, but quite near Bielinski."

Thus inadequately I have outlined the story of Turgenief's life. It now remains to give some account of his work. With his poetical, dramatic and critical writings I have no intimate acquaintance and only such knowledge of his correspondence as one may derive from his biography and various other writings. He early attempted verse and won the praise of Bielinski and some others, but his poetic gift was slender and he quickly abandoned the muse. There were no reserves and "this master of prose," as de Vogüe justly called him, allowed not a single piece of his poetry to be included in the definitive edition of his works. To the solicitations of his publishers he yielded so far as to permit them to include several of his dramatic pieces, some of which had been repre-

sented on the stage, but he recognized that he had not any especial dramatic talent.

The larger part of his work was in the field of romance and the short story. Of this there are several translations into English; the most complete and on the whole the best that has come under my eye is the one by Miss Isabel Hapgood in fourteen stout volumes. The works bearing on the politico-social life of Russia are "Memoirs of a Sportsman" (1852), "Fathers and Children" (1861), "Smoke" (1867) and "Virgin Soil" (1876). The first of these is a collection of short stories or sketches in many of which the peasant life of Russia is vividly depicted.

The interest of "Rudin" (1855), "A Nobleman's Nest" (1858), "On the Eve" (1859) and "Spring-Freshets" (1871) centers in the analysis of character and the experience of individual persons under certain social conditions. The second of these, "A Nobleman's Nest," established the author's fame in his own land. The scene is laid in an old provincial mansion which has been occupied by successive generations. Nothing finer in the depiction of character and temperament can be found in any

other book. Over against the mature, sober-minded, good and unfortunate Lavretzky, with his tragic domestic history, stands Liza, twenty years old, simple and conscientious, with unmistakable charm and an unbending will. They love, but no word of love is spoken or hinted by either, for Lavretzky is married. His wife, found unfaithful to her vows, has fled to other lands. A report appears in a French journal that she is dead. Then Lavretzky speaks and his love is reciprocated with all of Liza's native intensity. Another day brings Varvara Pavlovna, Lavretzky's wife. There is nothing melodramatic, no violent tragedy, but the pathos is poignant and profound. One is not surprised at de Vogüe's words: "All Russia shed tears over this book and the unhappy Liza became the ideal of all young girls."

"A King Lear of the Steppes" (1870) is a not agreeable but very powerful representation of a type of character and phase of life wholly Russian but with a deep human interest. More fascinating, though not more agreeable, and equally powerful is "Spring Freshets," a much more wholesome book for young men than Daudet's "Sappho" and with a clearer and more

cogent moral lesson. This lesson is not explicit, for Turgenief never preaches nor even moralizes, but it is none the less obvious and even more effective.

Besides these there are thirty-one short stories, varying in length from twenty-five to one hundred or more duodecimo pages each, and a collection of fifty "Poems in Prose" of exquisite beauty. The collected works cover a period of forty-two years. "Three Portraits" was written in 1840, when the author was but twenty-two years old, and "Clara Militch" in 1882, when he was sixty-four.

The political and social significance of Turgenief's work is greater than his biographer, Haumant, appears willing to acknowledge. Evidently the Russian government was of a different mind. The condition of the Russian peasants, nominally emancipated when Turgenief was in mid-career, the dominant characteristics of Russian nobles and officials, the social life of these and of the *bourgeoisie* are presented in his pages more vividly than in even those of his great contemporary, Count Leo Tolstoi. His analysis of the Russian nature, its subserviency to rank, its sentimentality, its

susceptibility to sensual pleasures and even to vices, its lack of initiative and unproductiveness of will, is not only keen and exhaustive, but also sympathetic, which gives it a value far beyond that of a hostile critic.

It is true that in his stories, Turgenief did not directly attack serfdom. Haumant complains of him that "he mentions such or such a proprietor, such or such a serf, reports such or such a fact, without ever commenting on them. . . . They come, or seem to come, at the chance of his peregrinations; they are neither exceptional nor tragic." There is a certain truth in this. Turgenief is always the artist, never the pamphleteer or advocate. But his scenes from Russian life speak against the whole bad social and economic system of Russia more powerfully than any rhetoric of denunciation. Still more, an autobiographic fragment published as a sort of preface to the authorized edition of his complete works contains strong testimony on this point and explains his persistent voluntary exile from his native land. He wrote:

"I may say that I feel keenly the disadvantages

of this rending from the native soil, this violent rupture of all the ties which had bound me to the social condition in which I had grown up, . . . but there was nothing else to do. This existence, this condition, and in particular the sphere to which I belonged, the sphere of the rural proprietor and of serfdom, offered me nothing which could hold me back. On the contrary, almost everything that I saw about me awakened in me a sentiment of disquietude, of revolt, in brief of disgust. I could not hesitate long. It was necessary either entirely to submit, to walk tranquilly in the common path, on the beaten road; or to uproot myself, at a single stroke, to repulse all from myself, even at the risk of losing many of the things dear to my heart. That was the part which I chose. I first cast myself headlong in 'the German sea' which must purify and regenerate me, and when at length I issued from its waters I found myself an 'Occidental,' and this I have always remained. I could not breathe the same air, live face to face with that which I abhorred; perhaps for this I had not sufficient empire over myself, sufficient force of character. It was necessary at any cost to remove myself from my enemy, in order from a distance to deliver more certain blows upon him. To my eyes this enemy had a determined figure, it bore a recognized name: my enemy was the law

of serfdom. Under this name I had ranged and gathered all that against which I had resolved to struggle unto the end, with which I had sworn never to make peace. That was my Hannibal's oath, and I was not the only one to make it at that time. I went to the West in order the better to fulfil this oath."

"Fathers and Children" shows the effect of the new scientific knowledge and spirit which, from Germany especially, were coming into the Russian universities, and the skepticism which these bred in the young student mind. In this book, as I have already noted, the word "Nihilist" first occurs. Much confusion has been caused by the official Russian misuse of this word to designate socialists, revolutionists and progressives of every sort. A similar confusion was caused a generation ago and still exists in many uninformed or half informed minds by a misuse of the words "socialism" and "socialist." Bazaroff, the protagonist of this story, is a true nihilist in doctrine: he believes in nothing; but at the same time he is a thorough student of physical science, a careful investigator and essentially a man of just and kindly heart.

"This book," says de Vogüe, "marks a date

in the history of ideas." He thus characterizes the difference between revolutionists of Western Europe and nihilists of Russia as portrayed by Turgenief in "Fathers and Children." "Our worst revolutionists are only furious dogs; the Russian nihilist is a wolf, and we know to-day that the rage of the wolf is more dangerous."

Almost all of Turgenief's men illustrate in one way or another the characteristic Slav temperament. Rudin is typical. He has intelligence, sentiment and eloquence, but brings nothing to pass and dies at last pierced by a sharp-shooter's bullet on a barricade in Paris. Shubin, a young sculptor in "On the Eve," is different but kindred, as is also Nezhdanoff in "Virgin Soil." Litvinoff in "Smoke" is, perhaps, the best of all save Solomin in "Virgin Soil." Litvinoff and Sanin (in "Spring-Freshets") both succumbed to a baleful feminine influence, but Litvinoff recovers after a time and saves his life; Sanin does not. A Teuton or an Anglo-Saxon might sin worse than either and yet break his way through the toils or, in spite of them, achieve an effective career. Not so the Slav. It has been suggested that in both Rudin and Sanin Turgenief

has embodied something of himself. The suggestion is probable.

Potugin in "Smoke" is a defeated man, but he has strong intelligence and sees clearly the fatal defect of his fellow countrymen. He and Litvinoff are speaking of a certain Gubaryoff. Litvinoff asks, "To what do you ascribe the indubitable influence of Gubaryoff on all the people around him? Not to his gifts or to his capacities?" Potugin replies: "No, sir; no, sir; he has nothing of that sort."

"To his character, then?"

"He has not that either, but he has a great deal of will, sir. We Slavonians in general, as is well known, are not rich in that attribute, and we give up in presence of it. . . . The government has released us from Serfdom, and we thank it; but the habits of serfdom have taken too profound a root in us; we shall not soon rid ourselves of them. In everything and everywhere we want a master."

In a later conversation Potugin says:

"This spring I visited the Crystal Palace, in the suburbs of London; in that palace, as you are aware, there is something in the nature of an ex-

hibition of everything to which man's inventiveness has attained,—the cyclopædia of humanity, it must be called. Well, sir, I walked and walked past all those machines and implements, and statues of great men; and all the while I was thinking: if a decree were issued to the effect that, together with the disappearance from the face of the earth of any nation, everything which that nation had invented should immediately vanish from the Crystal Palace,—our dear mother, Orthodox Russia, might sink down to the nethermost hell, and not a single tack, not a single pin, would be disturbed, the dear creature: everything would remain quite calmly in its place, because even the samovar, and linden-bast slippers, and the shaft-arch, and the knout—those renowned products of ours—were not invented by us. It would not be possible to try a similar experiment with the Sandwich Islands even: visitors would notice their absence. . . . There are our landed proprietors complaining bitterly, and suffering loss, because no satisfactory grain-dryer exists, which would relieve them of the necessity of placing their sheaves of grain in the kiln, as in the days of Rurik: those kilns are frightfully detrimental, no better than linden-bast slippers, or bast mats, and they are constantly burning down. The landed proprietors complain, and still the grain-dryer does

not make its appearance. And why not? Because the foreigner does not need it; he grinds his grain raw, consequently does not bother about inventing one, and we . . . are not capable of doing it."

On the whole, the best masculine character in these books is Insaroff in "On the Eve" and he is a Bulgarian. Moreover he is overtaken by death before he accomplishes or even fairly begins the work which was the mission of his life. Solomin, in "Virgin Soil," is the one strong, self-contained, purposeful and entirely efficient Russian, and he had a brief but practical education in Manchester, England, where he learned mechanical science and the English language. There is a suspicion also that he has in him Finnish or Swedish blood. He is brought into strong relief by the character of Nezhdanoff, a natural son of a nobleman. This cultivated, lovable young man is a Russian Hamlet whose infirmity of will dooms him to ineffectiveness save in his last act which is suicide.

Turgenief's women have more initiative and force than his men, perhaps, as has been suggested, because they have a certain discipline

in administering the large Russian households and even entire estates. The best of them are Elena in "On the Eve," Liza in "A Nobleman's Nest," Tatyana in "Smoke" and Miss Mashurin and Marianna Vikentievna in "Virgin Soil." The sweetest feminine personality is Gemma in "Spring-Freshets," but she is an Italian. Of another type are Varvara Pavlovna in "A Nobleman's Nest," Irina in "Smoke" and Marya Nickolaevna in "Spring-Freshets." These are beautiful with a deadly fascination; the last is positively and devilishly wicked. Such women as Marya make a tragedy in the life of any man with whom they come into close relations and only a man of steel can resist their baleful spell.

As a writer Turgenief is supremely an artist. Less great as a man than Tolstoi, he is greater in his art. A reader of his books finds never a superfluous word. His descriptive passages often are etchings. I take almost at random the following bit of portraiture from "Spring-Freshets.'

"There was not, in a single shop in the whole of Frankfort, so polite, decorous, dignified and

amiable a head-clerk as Herr Klüber showed himself to be. The irreproachableness of his toilet equalled the dignity of his demeanor, the elegance —somewhat affected and constrained, it is true, after the English fashion . . . but, nevertheless, engaging elegance of his manners! At the very first glance it became clear that this handsome, rather stiff, excellently educated and capitally washed young man was accustomed to obey his superiors and to command his inferiors, and that behind the counter of his shop he was bound to evoke the respect even of his patrons! As to his supernatural honesty there could not exist the shadow of a doubt. A glance at his stiffly starched cuffs was all that was required. And his voice proved to be just what was to have been expected: thick and selfconfidently-succulent, but not too loud, with even a certain caressing quality in the timbre. . . .

"Herr Klüber began by introducing himself, during which operation he bent his form in so noble a manner, moved his feet so agreeably, and clicked one heel against the other so courteously, that one was bound to feel: 'This man's body-linen and spiritual qualities are of the first order!' "

From the same book is this scene. It is six

hours after Márya Nikolaevna has accomplished the ruin of Sanin and torn him irrevocably from his fealty to his betrothed Gemma.

"Sanin stood before her, in his own room, like a distracted, a ruined man. . . .

" 'Whither art thou going?' she asked him. 'To Paris, or to Frankfort?'

" 'I am going where thou wilt be—and I shall be with thee until thou drivest me away,' he replied, with despair, and fell to kissing the hands of his sovereign. She released them, laid them on his head—and grasped his hair with all ten fingers. She slowly drew her fingers through and twisted that unresisting hair, and drew herself up to her full height: triumph curled serpent-like about her lips, and her eyes, wide, bright to whiteness, expressed only the pitiless stolidity and satiety of victory. The hawk which is clawing a captured bird has such eyes."

Turgenief has been called a pessimist, and with some reason; yet I cannot wholly agree with this judgment. The note of sadness, at least of melancholy, is seldom absent from his books and sometimes there is a suggestion of hopelessness. Yet he does not ever entirely

succumb to despair; and sometimes there is a faint sweet note of far-reaching hope. But it must be confessed that the optimism which springs from deep religious faith is wanting. As early as 1855 his mood at times was as sombre as that of Pavel Alexandrovitch, a character in a story which he wrote in the form of letters in that year. The title of the story is "Faust." In the last letter are these words:

"I have brought one conviction out of the experience of the recent years; life is not even enjoyment, . . . life is a heavy toil. Renunciation, constant renunciation,—that is its secret meaning, its solution; not the fulfilment of cherished ideas and dreams, no matter how lofty they may be,—but the fulfilment of duty,—that is what man must take heed to; not unless he imposes upon himself chains, the iron chains of duty, can he attain to the end of his course without falling; but in youth we think: 'The freer the better; the further we can go.' It is permissible for youth to think thus; but it is disgraceful to console one's self with an illusion, when the stern face of the truth has at last looked thee full in the eye."

In his brilliant and able book, "Le Roman

Russe," the late Viscount de Vogüe has given a highly appreciative and at the same time critical study of Turgenief, both writer and man. That study contains a portrait of him so attractive and so true that I give it at length.

"Ivan Sergyevitch personified the master qualities of the true Russian people, ingenuous kindlisess, simplicity, resignation. He was, in common speech, a soul of the good God; that powerful brain dominated a heart of a child. Never have I approached him without comprehending better the magnificent sense of the Gospel word upon the simple of soul, and how this state of soul may ally itself to science, to the exquisite gifts of the artist. The devotion, the generosity of heart and of hand, all this was natural to him as an organic function. Into our cautious and complicated world, where each is rigorously armed for the struggle of life, he seemed to have fallen from elsewhere, from some pastoral and fraternal tribe of the Ural: a great gentle child, absentminded, following his ideas under the heaven as a herdsman follows his flock in the steppe.

"In physique this tall tranquil old man, with his features a little rugged, his sculptural head and his inward gaze, recalled certain Russian peasants, the ancestor who presided at table in patriarchal

households: only ennobled and transfigured by the labor of thought, as those peasants of old time who made themselves monks, became saints, and as one sees them represented in the churches, with aureole and the majesty of prayer. The first time that I encountered this good giant, symbolic statue of his country, I had great difficulty in defining my impression of him: I seemed to see and hear a mujik upon whom had fallen the spark of genius, who had been lifted upon the summits of the spirit, without losing anything of his native candor on the way."

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